TEN WEEKS

BY

HARVEY REEVES CALKINS

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TEN WEEKS

The Journal of a Missionary

BY
HARVEY REEVES CALKINS

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TO MY COMRADE
THROUGH THE CAWNPORE
REVIVAL
AND THROUGH
THE YEARS

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FOREWORD

Stewardship is the gospel of Beholding God and Serving Men. The only way to "promote" it is to drive straight to the heart of Christ's message. Stewardship is not and cannot be departmental; it is fundamental and universal.

My Cawnpore journal tells of Christian stewardship in India. These personal and intimate notes were written under almost incredible pressure, in the heat and drive of a great revival. They were not intended for public perusal; my only purpose was to preserve a record of what I then believed, and now believe still more, was a significant religious awakening. Each day's events were written down as they transpired. During ten years of urgent service at home this journal has been to me a "source book" of constant suggestiveness.

As I read through the proof sheets now lying before me there is a persistent sense of sitting in church without one's coat, and I shrink from returning them to the publisher. But my face is again toward India and the East (we sail within a fortnight), and it is my clear judgment that the church at home and the missionary body beyond seas ought to know how the stewardship movement had its birth.

In preparing the manuscript for publi-

cation names have been withheld wherever it has seemed remotely possible that publicity might bring embarrassment—for I have never forgotten and cannot forget the gentleness of my Indian brethren. Some of the abbreviated notes in the original have been filled in for the sake of clearness, and there have been some omissions. The editorial captions and footnotes have, of course, been added.

H. R. C.

New York City, August, 1920.

I

THE FIRST SIX WEEKS

And he said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say to him, Friend, lend me three loaves; for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him? And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee. I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth. . . .

If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

—Jesus, in the Gospel of Luke.

1. How the Revival Started

Saturday, May 1, 1909.

What a day of it! But I must *take* time to get something written down. I should have kept full notes from the beginning, but the drive of the Revival has taken every ounce of me.

Khair Khwah[1] has been a vexation today; I had to refuse half a dozen of the workers in order to finish copy for the next two numbers. Wish I could be relieved of it until the pressure lightens a bit—if it ever does. There's no one in sight whom I can ask to take it, except Ed[2], and I want to nominate him next year for the district. I daren't *ma-bap*[3] the boy altogether! I'll have to hold the editorship, I suppose, until our furlough; then Rockey[4] will take it over. It's his *bachcha*[5], anyhow, and he'll be glad to get it back again.

Let me begin at the beginning—at least the beginning, as it seems to me, of the present movement. Our summer school was held last October and continued until November first. I preached every morning

[1] "The Well Wisher," a Christian vernacular weekly paper, popularly known as "Children's Friend."
[2] Rev. W. E. Tomlinson, since deceased.
[3] Mother-Father.
[4] Rev. N. L. Rockey, D. D., of Shahjahanpur.
[5] Child.

on the basal doctrines of the Apostles' Creed. My own soul was marvelously drawn out in contemplation of the deity of Jesus Christ and the measureless death of the cross.

I was covering the field in a new way, and all my preparation had to be in Hindustani; so I worked late every night (or rather to an early hour every morning) and once all night until day-break. The quietness of the nights, the intense application and constant prayer, that I might speak only simple foundation truth, seemed somehow to strip my mind bare of the non-essentials, and I gazed with strangely melted heart upon the mysteries of God. I am conscious now that I was wonderfully helped, and clothed upon with power, in delivering the word to the preachers. To what degree they received it I do not know; though I remember the morning that I preached on Christ's humiliation the Conference was suffused. Jai Ram[1] said his heart was broken.

2. A Disturbing Experience

On the last Sunday, during District Conference, I had a strange and disturbing experience. I preached on the call of Moses, and his refusal to be known as the son of Pharaoh's daughter. I pictured the greatness of the man—how he was able to move in the highest circles of Egyptian life, and yet, voluntarily, chose to asso-

[1] The Rev. Jai Ram Caleb.

ciate with the outcast Hebrew slaves. Why? First, because it was *true:* Moses was *not* the son of Pharaoh's daughter but *was* the son of a slave woman. Second, because God wanted to bring a depressed race into world leadership and needed a man great enough to tell and live the truth, and so become His partner in working out the greatest achievement in human history.

Then I applied the story of Moses to the Christian community in India, and brought it right home to our own people in the North and Northwest Conferences. I did not actually name any of our people, but my words were plain and could not be misunderstood.

I pictured the work of the older missionaries, and spoke particularly of the masterful work of Dr. Hoskins, whose memory is so dear to all of them. I reminded them how he had taken by the hand hundreds of outcast men and women who were hopeless, both for this world and the next, and had raised them to the dignity of the sons and daughters of God—given them a higher place than even Moses knew.

Of course all our Cawnpore people were there, besides the District preachers and their families. They couldn't all get into the church. I asked them to close their eyes and forget their beautiful surroundings, forget their comfortable homes and clean white garments, forget their school children with happy faces and all the joy of Christian fellowship. "Forget it all," I said, "and see yourselves and your chil-

dren as you would have been to-day if Christ had not come to you!"

Then I called on our people to be great enough to *refuse social advantages* in Cawnpore and Cawnpore district, which easily they might enjoy because they were prosperous, and to remember the poor and outcast for whom Christ died, and from among whom many of them had been raised up.

"Refuse," I said, "to attend a wedding supper given by the prosperous Christians of Cawnpore, if, in going, you must deny some poor old uncle of yours who still bends his back under the awful burden of a Hindu outcast. Be great, even as Moses was great, and God will yet rule India and the East by the hands of men who dare now claim their relationship to the weak and poor and depressed."

Well, the effect of the sermon was electric. Some of the preachers were shouting with joy, and some of the women. But I noticed that —— and ——— ——— looked darkly at me. Particularly I was struck with the angry look of ——— ———, who was claiming that his family were Thakurs, before becoming Christians. I knew he was passing through a crisis in his life, for Mrs. Hoskins had told us of his sweeper father whom Dr. Hoskins had picked up in the ——— district, years ago. Evidently he was hard hit, for the family is very prosperous.

I was so burdened over him that in the evening I went to his house to have a quiet

"We did not waste any time, but went right to it."

talk with him. When he came out to the door of his Compound I was amazed at the look of hate that he turned upon me. He not only would not invite me into his house but actually cursed me as we stood by the wall together. I tried to talk with him gently but he turned and left me and I came away in great sorrow. However, I had no sense of condemnation, for his anger was against the truth. Our people will have to get victory in their prosperity, or prosperity will become a bitter curse both to them and to the Kingdom of God.

3. Getting Ready

After District Conference, Ida[1] and I went immediately upon *daura*[2]. It was the happiest visitation of the district that we ever had made. Helen[3] was with us and she had the time of her life! The preachers and villagers are very fond of her.

All during *daura* we felt the conviction that God was waiting to pour out his Spirit upon Cawnpore, so we returned to the bungalow early in February. Ida got Helen ready for Wellesley, and I took her up to Naini Tal and remained a day or two. When I got back to Cawnpore the conviction was burning within me that God wanted us to "set our face," even as Daniel. Indeed, Ida had spent most of the days in prayer while I was gone. We did not waste any time, but went right to it.

[1] My wife.
[2] Itinerating.
[3] Our daughter.

For three weeks we practically did nothing else but pray. I attended to workshop, school, and *daftar*[1] in the early morning and by half past seven or eight o'clock joined Ida in the dining room. Sardar[2] understood perfectly that he need not prepare breakfast, as we would eat nothing until tiffin, so that for fully five or six hours every day we had uninterrupted opportunity to lay our people and the city before God.

Tom[3] was as hands and eyes to me. He attended to routine business, and he and Misri[4] were able to handle most of the orders without further instructions from me.

The boarding school boys, Gulzari[5], Childs[6] and many of the people knew that our days were being spent in prayer and we were not to be interrupted. So we were left quite alone every day until the evening. I'm sure God was stirring the people to pray with us—especially Gulzari Lal, Bella John, and our beloved A. M. Shah.

4. The Revival Breaks

The second Sunday in March the revival broke. Galzari Lal announced the closing hymn at the evening service. It was *"Ek phátak lo kusháda hai".*[7] As the

[1] Office.
[2] Our Christian cook.
[3] Mr. Thomas John, my faithful Indian secretary.
[4] Mr. Misri Lal Lorenzo, in charge of the workshops.
[5] Rev. Gulzari Lal Lorenzo, pastor of the Hindustani Church.
[6] Rev. Nial T. Childs, Headmaster of the City school.
[7] A free translation of, "The Gate Ajar."

last line of the chorus began to swell—"Taiyár, taiyár, ab khula hai taiyár"[1]—I could feel the Presence of God resting down upon the congregation. The girls and boys sang like angels. Old Zabardast Khan stood up with his hands outstretched and his sightless eyes turned heavenward. Gulzari shouted in the pulpit and I sat there and cried like a happy child. I looked at Ida, and, as usual when everyone else is excited, she was sitting in quiet calm. But her eyes were like the firmament. She always gets the news from heaven about a week ahead of me!

I did not hesitate a moment but stood up and announced that we would make way for God's own plan, and that special meetings would begin the next day in Central Church in the city, at six thirty in the morning and seven in the evening. The school children fairly laughed for gladness and the church people smiled their approval.

After the service ——— ——— came to me at the bungalow. He fell down at my feet in a perfect passion of grief. He touched my hand and begged to be forgiven, saying that he had been in torment ever since last November when he cursed me, after my sermon on "Moses." I took him in my arms and we wept together. O, it was God's own victory!

. . . . . .

For six weeks now the Revival has been

[1] "Ready, ready, 'tis now open and ready."

in full swing—the last two weeks of March, and all through April. If only I had kept a record from the first day! It is all so wonderful—the faith and constancy of our people, the inquiring souls that keep coming to the bungalow, and the crowds of Hindus and Mohammedans that pack the city Church.

If I find the time I will "fill in" some of the blessed events of these last six weeks, and something of what I think it all signifies—at least to me. In any case, I'll try to keep a daily record from today.

. . . . . .

5. The Meaning of Money

Later.

I've got to add another page or two, right here. I feel in my bones that something big is happening in Cawnpore, something for the whole of India—if only I dared to say so! I think we're getting down to the fundamental meaning of self-support, but it's something *bigger* than self-support, something that goes into character and social righteousness. All last year, and especially during this revival, I've had a conviction that money is mixed up with any clear understanding of Christian doctrine. It's hard to state just what I mean, for I don't see it very clearly myself. But it's something like this:

If God is really a living Person, and not the hazy essence that the pundits think they are talking about, then He must be realized *as a Person* by being recognized

as the actual Owner of things. That's awfully crude, but that's about what I mean. Money is the most vital thing that most men know anything about (that's bald, but I believe it's true!), and therefore money must be the surest way of acknowledging God. I suppose I mean the *ownership* of money and property, and not money and property themselves. I'm just trying to get it written down.

I've been trying to preach this sort of thing in the villages, partly because I believe it's an easy and human approach to the deepest problems of religion, but mostly to see how the preachers themselves would get hold of it. They repeat what I say, some of them, and seem to be catching on. Rahim Khan and Benjamin Gardiner seemed to get it last January, when I was with them in Kanauj and Fatehgarh. I think it's the background of Mohammedanism in both of them that seems to make it easier for them to get hold of the idea of personality in God—I mean *get hold,* for all the preachers *say* they get it! ——— ——— lags dreadfully, although I think he's the most thoughtful preacher in the district. It's the dreamy Hinduism that still saturates him, and he doesn't know it. Definite conceptions of time and place and things seem to elude him.

I would begin, in the villages, by holding up a coin and asking "What's this?" and then "Whose is it?" That would always start things going, for the crowd would think I had found some money and was

advertising for the owner. It was always great fun and a sure crowd catcher! But pretty soon they would begin to get some idea of what I was driving at—that the piece of money in my hand, and all the wheat and rice and vegetables in the bazar, belonged to the mighty and eternal God. Then I always had them! The sun and stars couldn't own money and wheat, I would tell them, nor the river, nor the clouds, nor the trees, nor the thin smoke from their *angithis*[1]—that's the nearest thing to Brahm that I can think of for use as an illustration. Whenever money or wheat is *owned,* that proves that the owner is *alive,* able to *think,* and able to *do* things. I tried to give them the philosophic meaning of personality without using anything but the simplest words and the simplest illustrations. The idea of an *owner* is the easiest way to make a Hindu understand divine personality, for it links up immediately with the things in the bazar. Then I would tell them what this Living Owner had done for them, always ending with Jesus. I believe it was good sensible preaching and the crowds never left me.

6. The Tithe

But what bothers me is the tithe. I believe it's the heart of the whole thing, but somehow I can't state it so that my preachers are able to get hold of it. I guess I haven't got it myself! I thought I had

[1] Portable fire-places.

it in Bombay, in "Mary Christopher." I'm sure that little book is as sound as a sovereign, but it won't go among our Hindustani people; I'm sure of that. The minute I talk tithing the preachers think I'm talking "pastor fund" and "self support." They take it as a *hukm*[1] from some stiff finance committee that I have found hidden somewhere between the lids of the Bible! They're obedient and docile, but it makes them sullen—and that makes me wretched! Unless the preachers are free-hearted and happy it is useless trying to lead them. My preachers themselves must lead the District, I'm only their helper. Jai Ram[2] (he sure is *hoshyar!*)[3] tells the people what big things Cawnpore District could do if all the Christians tithed, but Mohan Lal[4] drops his head and looks sad. And I don't blame him, either! That kind of tithing hasn't any more lift in it than the anna-to-the rupee scheme that the finance committee is so keen about, and which I wish to goodness had never been invented. It clutters up the whole business and makes "God's tithe" an abomination. I'm not going to let my preachers think of the Bible as *hukamat ki kitab*[5]. It's the Book of Life!

7. Borden P. Bowne

I've been rereading Bowne, but he doesn't help; not a bit. Haven't looked

[1] A command.
[2] Rev. Jai Ram Caleb.
[3] Clever.
[4] Rev. Mohan Lal Samsun.
[5] Book of judicial authority.

at his "Theism" since the old Haymarket days in Denver. It's great, great! But it doesn't touch my trouble. How would Bowne tackle our crowd at Bithoor? How would he make them (or anyone!) *realize* the divine personality?—that's the pinch. I asked him about it when he visited us, but he didn't want to talk; seemed depressed—except when Ida prepared that wonderful beefsteak for him, the day they left. He said *that* was the most uplifting experience he'd known in India.

I must stop now. God guide us through these days—guide *me*. I mustn't run ahead of the Lord, but if the way opens I intend to drive this thing clear through. Of course, self-support will follow in a day, if the truth really gets hold of the preachers—provided it *is* the truth; and of that I am entirely confident. And yet *that* is the least I'm thinking about. It's God my preachers need—God. If only this revival will reveal Him! . . .

8. A Christian Sabbath in India

Sunday, May 2, 1909.

The Sunday school this morning was unusually full; a large number of Hindus and Mohammedans were present. I talked with Gulzari Lal about the little Hindu boy who came to the altar last night. He said he was one of our day-school boys, in the city, and that his mother and sister are prostitutes. He came with a sincere desire to be saved from an evil life. I think

I shall take the risk of baptizing him, for it is evident that he has no one who is responsible for him. Gulzari Lal said he would be sure to be in the meetings again.

Brother Shah gave an effective review, showing how the Holy Spirit came upon them as they fasted and prayed in Antioch, and gave to those early Christians a true spiritual burden for the heathen world. He applied it to the Cawnpore Church and exhorted the teachers and members to renewed diligence in prayer and to learn the power of fasting. He then called the workers to the altar where for half an hour there was most earnest and believing prayer. By vote it was determined to change the time of the Sunday evening service from 5:30 to 7:30, so as to make Sunday meetings at the same hour as the week meetings.

I spoke to the Nanak Babu and warned him not to try the impossible task of continuing as a caste-Hindu and posing as a Christian.

The evening service was more orderly and solemn than any we have yet had. The "open-air" was effective and there was much prayer at the altar, Karuna Dhar being particularly led out for *gunahgaron*.[1] We opened the service with *Ruh Pak, Ruh Pak, ab dil Men A*[2] and followed with the Creed. I prayed. Some of the older boys sang a translation of "The Whole Wide-world." Then the 23rd Psalm and *Ho*

[1] Sinners.
[2] Holy Spirit, Holy Spirit, Now enter my heart.

Sitaiish[1]. It was the full church service and most effective.

I talked a few minutes explaining that the "mesmerism" we were using was the mesmerism of love and nothing else; and the feeling in their hearts was the conviction of the Holy Spirit. After the offering, Mrs. Robertson sang with much feeling *Mera Pran Bachaiya*[2]. Our people were pleased and blessed.

Ida read the 20th of Revelation. When half way through a wedding procession passed with tremendous din. Gulzari and Shah quickly closed the front doors so that the sound was deadened. Ida held the whole crowd who sat in utter solemn stillness. Not a person left the church and in five minutes the noise ceased and the doors were quietly re-opened. The people seemed to be unconscious of any interruption.

When Ida had finished I talked on Matt. 10:28 and called for seekers. We were singing *Isa Kaisa Dost Piyára*[3], when I saw a young Mohammedan struggling to get his hand above his head. I smiled encouragement and he immediately stood up and walked to the front. I motioned to Ishwari Pershad who took him by the arm and they kneeled at the altar in prayer while I continued the invitation. Ida also spoke to some young men who were laughing in the middle of the Church. The

[1] The Gloria.
[2] My Precious Deliverance.
[3] What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

laughing ceased and those who were sitting near seemed ready to punish the one who had started the disturbance.

The altar service continued with considerable power while I talked and prayed with the seekers. When I reached the Mohammedan, he prayed after me, but not with great spirit. When I said, "Lord Jesus, I am now ready to be baptized in thy name," he halted. I looked up and he said "Tomorrow I will be ready." I then prayed that God would deepen conviction and left him, while Thomas John continued to pray and talk with him. He said he had not had rest for ten days and could not keep away from the meetings.

Inayat Masih[1] sat back with Daftari. I am not anxious. In fact I seem to be utterly quiet in this business. I do not believe these Mohammedans can stand up under the conviction of the Spirit. All we need is steady, persistent, pushing faith, and inexhaustible love. A number of old Hindu "stand-bys" were present.

After the service Inayat Masih was talking, full of life and spirit, and said he wanted to learn "*Zor hai Zor*."[2] Misri Lal got in front of him and Tom at his left ear; they loaded him with melody. He drank it in while I lay back and laughed.

Ida and Miss Logeman went up stairs

---

[1] NOTE: Inayat Masih was a Mohammedan whom I had baptised the week before—that was the name I had used in baptising him. His former name signified "the favor of Mohammed." His new name signified "the favor of Christ."

[2] "There is Power, Power."

where three purdah women had been sitting through the entire service. At the bungalow Lazarus Emmanuel came to talk with us at 10:30. He wanted prayer for his wife and two friends, and to express gratitude that he had been reclaimed from backsliding. He said God had convicted him about tobacco, although no one had spoken of it, and took out a package of cigarettes and handed them to me.

This isn't "India and Hinduism!" It's just a "Revival," with sinners coming home to God. And that's the glory of it! Folks are just folks, and Jesus is the same, yesterday, today, and forever.

II

THE SEVENTH WEEK

And the seventy returned with joy, saying, Lord, even the demons are subject unto us in thy name.

And he said unto them, I beheld Satan fallen as lightning from heaven. Behold, I have given you authority to tread upon serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall in any wise hurt you. Nevertheless in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rejoice that your names are written in heaven.

—Jesus, in the Gospel of Luke.

1. Getting Down Low

Monday, May 3, 1909.

To-day we began the seventh week of the meetings. Grant us Thy Presence, and guide us through its unknown changes, O, God.

Ed[1] and his wife drove over at 7:15. Ida rode to the Central Church with Mrs. Tomlinson in their phaeton, Ed. and I followed in the tum-tum.

We began the service promptly at 7:30. After a hymn I prayed, and I was led to ask God to search us all. My prayer last night at the bungalow was the same. Thoughts come crowding through my mind; they are all connected with the work, but somewhat trifling. I just told the Lord he would have to take me as he finds me; trace my thoughts down to their fountain head, *purge them* if he finds them sinful, and control them if he finds them trifling and useless. I shall not insult the Holy Spirit by obtruding these wandering thoughts upon the Lord as things to be "forgiven," when I *know* "the Blood cleanseth"; nor will I insult my own conscious dedication to God by suggesting that perhaps I'm not "all there." God knows every atom of me and if I'm not *His,* He has me to *make* me His!

[1] Rev. W. E. Tomlinson, Pastor of the English Church, Cawnpore.

I'm not sure but that "wandering thoughts" are the Holy Spirit's way of inviting us to get away from some of our own self-made prayers. Anyhow, it's a safe thing to get awfully low and let Him go through and through and deal with one as He pleases. My prayer seemed to help the people. I am burdened that the preachers, as they come in from the district, shall be a help and not a hindrance.

2. Who Does the "Choosing"?

Ida's reading was with force. She spoke of the message of Isaiah 44. 1, 2 and then turned to John 15. 16, and Ezekiel 36. 23. The power of the message was in the word —"Who would dare to choose *God?* It is God who hath chosen *us.*" Also our fruit shall *remain* because within it is the *seed* that produces other fruit. The *actual* fruit itself may pass away, but the reproductive power of the *seed* causes it to continue through the years in other generations, reproducing its like. It is one of Ida's rich thoughts and she gave it with strength.

3. A Message of Ill Omen

Bal Kishen was the first at the altar. While we were praying Jiwan Singh came in with a message brought from Claudius. He is sick, and every symptom points to *plague.* Ishwari Parshad, Gulzari Lall, Misri Lal and Childs at once started to Colonelganj.

I remained to hold the people in prayer; for they must not be permitted to stagger

at anything. I read Psa. 91. 9, 10, and pointed the message: That if these words are to be fulfilled, then each *member* of the family must be counted among those who *abide*. A disobedient or unconsecrated member in our families opens the door for the entrance of the enemy to hurt and injure, even though he may not be permitted to destroy. ——— ———, I think, felt the burden of the word. She is much in prayer that ——— ——— shall come home to her husband and get into the meetings.

Bal Kishen prayed with intelligence and faith. He is moving into a place of real spiritual understanding. Inayat Masih did not know what to do! Masih Charan, who knelt by him, helped me greatly by saying to him that he was to pray as a child asking something of his father.

4. Teaching Inayat Masih to Pray

Inayat wanted to know if he should close or open his eyes, and if he should sit or kneel. I told him to kneel as the rest were doing and open or shut his eyes, just as he felt like doing, and to pray out of his heart for the things that he wanted, telling him of a dozen things that he might pray for. Then he threw back his head, opened his eyes, spread his hands in front of him and began in a strong clear voice. He prayed with intelligence for "sinners," for Mohammedans, for the city, and for Ida. We all said, "Amen!" Then, as I was dismissing the meeting with prayer, he

began again, taking the words out of my mouth. When he became quiet I went ahead and he kneeled in front of me puncturing every sentence of mine with "Amin." He actually is catching on!

5. The Plague!

Then Ida and I drove over to Colonelganj. Misri and Childs had been there and gone. Claudius and Eva were alone. Claudius looks bad. He said he had found a dead bird on top of the verandah post and had taken it in his hand and thrown it out into the road. I fear the trouble came from that!

It's *plague* without a doubt. I felt of his groin and found a good sized bubo. His eyes were dullish, though not particularly red, and his temples were throbbing. I could not tell how great his fever was; my own hands were, as usual, very warm. I neglected to inspect his tongue. He seemed lethargic, and said the thing struck him yesterday at eleven o'clock, after Sunday school.

Ida prayed, first talking to Eva. Eva seems dead and unresponsive, though she answers in words. The poor baby is still very sick. I prayed and felt as at the Church that he would not die. We told Eva to give him milk and follow the directions of the doctor; that of course I would pay for the milk. We went away leaving Reubin, Jukkha, Chhitiya and Bessie Charles with them.

On arriving home changed every gar-

ment, took a bath and had breakfast. After breakfast attended to district bills. Childs and Misri came. They said Morari Lal[1] had seen Claudius and expressed great doubt; it is very serious. He did not *say* it was hopeless, but implied it. I think it is not so bad. In any event, Claudius is being moved to the segregation camp and Eva will go with him to be near at hand.

At the *very best* it is a center blow! It means that unless the Lord interposes a miracle a strong praying worker will be taken out of the District for a week or a month. Ida and I got to praying about 3 o'clock in dead and desperate earnest. How utterly alone and helpless we are in this great city *except the mighty God actually comes down* and stands in the midst of us!

6. Decently and in Order

The meeting was blessed this evening. One thing I determined upon and announced. There are to be no more "open-airs" *in front.* It hinders a prayer service inside and takes from the reverence of the meeting. I am persuaded that we must not have a rollicking service, but one solemn and dignified.

So I announced that open-airs hereafter must be along the road, but not in front of Central Church. At seven sharp the inside service will begin.

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[1] Assistant Civil Surgeon.

After announcements I sang "Sulh Mubarak."[1] God has given it to me, without doubt! Ida read with great sweetness and strength, John 14, first two or three verses. She talked of the certainty of the *living Christ,* and said *many* were *near* to Christ. I believe it.

7. A Thakur's Conversion

Gulzari came to me during the reading and said a Hindu wanted to be converted. After a short exhortation I gave the invitation and a man raised his hand, then came forward. There was prayer for him at the altar and I dealt with him. He seemed dead in earnest and came through without a break. He said he felt joy in his heart and I told him to rise and tell the people. He turned about, facing the audience, and spoke clearly and unmistakably. I then read the Baptismal vows, and Gulzari helped to make them simple and direct for him. He answered without a break.

I then said I must cut his *chutiya.*[2] He said he was willing. I had previously secured a pair of scissors from Julia Pershad and immediately cut off the lock. Then I baptized him, and Gulzari recorded the name. With my hand on his head I sang *"Misl-i-bárish, misl-i-róshni,"*[3] and I could feel the power of God upon him, almost like an electric current! At the close, I prayed for him, and then how the people

[1] "Blessed Quietness."
[2] Wisp of hair—a sign of Hinduism.
[3] "Like the Rain and Like the Sunshine."

crowded about him and shook his hand! Many of the Hindus and Mohammedans present showed their intense, quivering interest, and even their pleasure. But some lowered!

I learned that our new brother is a Thakur, and has been in the meetings for three evenings. A Christian was approached by him and questioned. Then they came to the Church together and told Gulzari that he (the Thakur) desired to become a Christian *this evening*.

I believe this is the way the revival must push forward. The half-taught, half-persuaded people must be brought under the power of the meetings and the Holy Spirit, in the intense atmosphere of prayer, will make them *pakka*[1] inquirers, ready for Christian baptism. And while personal work is going forward the shafts of conviction will sink *deep* and *deeper* into the hearts of the shifting audience. Intensive work will do more in one week than a year of routine teaching will be able to accomplish.

Word comes through Misri Lal that Claudius is better. Thank God! May the Lord raise him up speedily. He is in the segregation camp.

8. Launching Out

Tuesday, May 4, 1909.

It has been a hard day, but with progress. At the morning meeting I spoke a few

[1] Thorough, well taught.

words on *personal work* and Ida gave a reading on "Launch out into the deep." She said the *lake* was full of fish, and *they* (the fish) had little to do with being caught, or not; it rested with the skill of the fisherman and the strength of the nets. God meant that message *for me*!

At the altar service the old Nanak Babu kneeled and prayed. He is full of pride. He *says* he is a Christian! I talked with him, and Ida afterwards had a nice conversation. He may yet come; but his pride will have to be broken. Several of the teachers came in; Aulad Hassein seemed especially interested. He dropped his head and wept when I talked with him.

I came home to two hours of hard *daftar*[1] work. ——— ——— is a true man but it is hard to get him to move with much "go." The news from Claudius is disheartening. We must have more power. There is not enough grip in our praying.

This evening we had no "open-air" in front. No one had arrived when I got to the church at 6:35. I went out alone and preached on the street, reading Matt. 5. We started sharp on time, although scarcely a soul was in the church. But they came fast enough! One of the best audiences we have yet had; and a more quiet thoughtful company than usual.

9. No Shilly-shallying!

While Mohan Lall was offering prayer, a large crowd from the English Church

[1] Office.

entered. I prayed with a sort of desperation that they would not bring confusion, and they did not. The testimony meeting was full of life. Ida read in Mark 5, Jesus casting out the legion of devils and afterwards healing the woman who "touched" him in the crowd. The application was very impressive, especially when she appealed to their own sense of truth: "If we are right about Jesus, and you are wrong, how will you meet God?" And the words went home. I prayed and exhorted. No sign. Afterwards Higgins from the English Church talked, and seemed not to speak amiss.

During the meeting to-night I was disturbed to see Inayat Masih sitting back. A number of evil looking Mohammedans were sitting near him. After most of the crowd had gone I spoke to him to come forward but he would not. I prayed, and when I looked up, the church had again filled with people. Again I called Inayat to come and join us in the altar service and he came. I am disturbed about him. Lal Singh, whom I baptized last night, is an exceedingly industrious man, but I fear Inayat Masih is lazy. The Spirit of Truth will test him, and there must be no shilly-shallying!

After church we drove to the segregation camp. Claudius seems better. I prayed with him and again felt he would not die. Is this faith? Or is it my intense desire for the dear fellow to get well? It's a knock-out, however, as far as one strong worker

is concerned in this time of need. God raise him up!

10. Claudius Is Dead!

Wednesday, 5th May.

Claudius is dead! He passed away early this morning. He had intense pain through the night and was calling for Ida and me, and afterwards for Misri Lal. Well, it's finished so far as he is concerned!

Somehow, my faith is not deadened, rather whetted. Talked to the people this morning on John 11. 1-4. "This sickness is not unto death, but that the glory of God may appear." It's a *center blow.* God permitted it. Two things: As for Claudius it was God's *will;* as for the meeting it is our opportunity. It will mean defeat or victory according to our attitude and faith.

Called on Morari Lal. The *bird* was *not* the means of infection. Claudius must have contracted the disease in his visitation in Colonelganj. It went through him like mercury! The funeral is announced for this evening at 5:30. The preachers from the district are coming in; and we are candidates for victory or laughable defeat. Have mercy, Lord!

Evening: At 5:30 drove to McRobertganj. Ed was waiting. The funeral was a *Christian* one in very truth. Ed and I read the ritual, also Ishwari Pershad. After the coffin had been lowered and the ritual finished, Tom and Misri tried to sing "Ab Yordan Ke Kináre Par,"[1] but the

[1] "Now, on the Banks of the Jordan."

whole thing broke down in weeping. Not wailing, but tender, true and loving grief. Jai Ram prayed, then I followed. It was a sweet and blessed season. Poor Eva! She looked bereft and lost—a widow!

11. Sorrow Upon Sorrow

On our way to church we drove down the Colonelganj road and saw ——— ——— in front of his house—living there with that woman, his friend's widow, he says. I rebuked him before the neighbors and called the Hindu people to witness that he was *not* a true Christian. ——— also was in the same house. At the grave I also saw ——— ——— and told him I would be in my *daftar* between 12 and 1. If he did not call, the Committee would sit on Saturday.

At church we were tired and everyone got in late. Yet it was a heavenly service! We sang and talked of heaven. Then Ida read part of 1 Cor. 15. A young man and a woman came forward. I baptized the man. He has been under instruction for a year and was ready. The woman wept bitterly. She is a Hindu and has been living in sin with a Christian man. Miss L. thinks she is in earnest for salvation and will soon give up her sin and take baptism.

12. Steadily Forward, March!

Thursday, 6th May.

We plowed somewhat ahead this morning at the service in the city. Last night, at

one, I awakened after two hours sleep. God was calling me to pray. I walked for half an hour on the roof but the moon was fierce and the air nasty. So I went down to the drawing room and God baptized me with faith. I prayed specially for Ida that God would *finish* the work He had begun in *her;* that she would be kept every minute by the power of God, and become a marvel of endurance.

Revival in MAY! In CAWNPORE! But why not? It is the best time for the people. Why not for us? I prayed for the city and the district and claimed the death of Claudius to be our reason for taking advanced ground. I went back to bed at four, rested.

The morning meeting was quiet. Ida read the *Transfiguration,* and seeing Jesus ONLY; not even the holy messengers from heaven—Jesus *only.* We had victory in prayer. I believe the Cawnpore Church will have sufficient grip of faith to hold the entire district *steady.*

——— ——— wanted the morning meetings in Parade Church.[1] Why? To push forward the revival, or to afford the easy-going ones more *aram?*[2] I merely said *Ham faisala Karenge.*[3] Help us to decide right, Holy Spirit. Bella John was positive and enthusiastic in saying, "All meetings in the city." I am sure she is

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[1] The Church near the Mission Compound, so called because in early days the military parade ground was close by.
[2] Rest.
[3] We shall decide it.

right. Came home and attended to business and letters.

EVENING: Worked hard on correspondence until five. People were late in reaching the church. Our Cawpore folks are tired! the reaction from Claudius' death is with us; and the district people are not yet adjusted. ——— led in the opening prayer. Steady and true, but no "lift." Prayed that meetings might not "exceed" God's will. Has he not been close enough to *discern* God's will? Does he not *see* God's will in the marvelous coolness of the days, for this season, the marvelous faith of the Cawnpore workers, and the steady coming of non-Christians and their unbroken attention to the word of God? *What* is God's will except their salvation and our uttermost strength (short of folly) given to help them!

Ida read too long, but she delivered the message. Whether the people *got* it all, is not so sure. But all got *something;* and as the audience shifted a bit—a good bit—each got a bit! The entire audience, non-Christian I mean, changed three times in thirty minutes!

The village preachers are a *new* problem. For their sakes it is a question what to do next week, whether to hold the *morning* meetings in the city or not. We must get light from the Lord. The meeting closed with some "lift." No seekers. I have taken cold and my throat is bad, and my right eye partly closed. Steadily forward, *March!*

Poor Claudius! The thing is a knock-out and I won't deny it. ONLY I refuse to be knocked out—I *dare* not be!

13. A HARD DAY

FRIDAY, May 7th.

A HARD day but with real progress, I think. At the morning meeting Ida read Joel 2 with strength, and the day was set apart for fasting. The prayer meeting that followed was good. Not full of victory, but there was substantial progress. Inayat Masih came in and I *samjhaoed*[1] him to work. He is a weak lazy fellow—mostly lazy. If he ever gets anywhere he must find the renewing of his mind.

We put in some good praying this afternoon. Samuel Baksh was talking to Tom; he was troubled about the death of Claudius, that God had not HEALED him although we had so earnestly prayed; and HE had prayed. It was a thoughtful question; the boy must be held. I took him into the bedroom and Ida and I talked and prayed with him. He seemed full of gladness when he left, and was satisfied.

O, it has been a center-blow. No wonder our people are staggering! Misri is getting his faith back a little, but Ishwari Pershad is sick.

14. INAYAT MASIH DENIES CHRIST

TO-NIGHT, during the testimony meeting, Inayat Masih arose and denied Christ be-

[1] Strongly summoned.

fore the people. As the altar service was in progress I felt strength in my bones and sent some of my best pray-ers, including Misri Lal and Shah, to surround him and pray the evil spirit out of him. What praying! He came to the altar weeping, and the power of Satan over him seemed broken. I fear for him. He is surrounded by *badmashes*[1] who seem determined to drag him back again. It was worth while to pray, however, for we had to have Satan rebuked after such an exhibition. But I'm doubtful whether he will "stick." The devil is following him and he is LAZY. That spells defeat! However, he is well enough advertised and in case he falls away, the city will know WHY and the power of God will not be hurt.

15. WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT LIKE MEN!

SATURDAY, May 8th.

I NEED my Saturdays for rest, but I don't seem to get the rest! The day has been a strenuous one, preachers to be seen, "things" to be done, and *"Khair Khwah"* to edit. Well, we got through and had time for prayer this afternoon. O, it's hard work "and you may lay to that!"

This evening we had a good crowd ready for prayer at 6:30, and there was some real praying before seven o'clock. Ida read Elijah on Carmel and Baal was there, sure enough! What confusion, what noise, what going and coming! Our district

[1] Evil men.

workers added to the confusion. So Ida had a hard enough time. Some of our "regulars" were either called out or went out themselves.

Toward the end of the reading I saw Inayat Masih sitting back with a new green *pugri*,[1] new coat, etc. I felt the grip of a sword in my hand. When Ida was finished I called the Cawnpore Mohammedans to fight like men, and to give up tactics that Mohammed himself would have despised! It was stretching things a bit, but I made up my mind to try the "sportsman's" approach. I told them how Inayat Masih had come to Jesus, and how cowardly it was to seek to entice him back again with bribes. A good many of the Mohammedans present took what I said with serious attention.

After everything was over Bal Kishen's brother came to the altar and was converted—or, if he wasn't, I cannot judge the face of clay. A friend of his also professed conversion. It was a good ending of a hard meeting. Formally reported ——— ——— to his preacher-in-charge for trial. What heaviness! What sorrow!

16. Was Mohammed A Prophet?

Sunday, May 9th.

—I have been prostrate with exhaustion to-day and have a bad throat. Rested all the afternoon and am better to-night. Big Sunday school this morning, and good prayer meeting.

[1] Turban.

Talked with ——— ——— afterwards. He was *ghabraoed* and *hairan*[1] last night because he thought I was making Mohammed to be too great a man. I called him *nabi*,[2] using the word of course in its broad human sense, as when Carlyle speaks of Mohammed as the Hero-Prophet. But it is evidently too big a mouthful for our Cawnpore people at present, and I'll not call him *nabi* again.

I showed Childs what I desired the people to know, first our own people and then the Cawnpore Mohammedans, concerning the awful blunder and consequent sin of Mohammed, and therefore the blight of Islam.

The horrible blasphemy of Mohammed in calling himself the *Dusra Madadgár*[3] is growing on me, and also the persuasion that God was calling Mohammed *at first* to reform the Church, and save it from idolatry, and thus hasten the coming of the Kingdom. He certainly BEGAN his career as an uncompromising preacher of righteousness with one consuming passion: to destroy idolatry! But the lie that he was the Other Comforter was the blasphemy that changed him from a messenger of the High God to an emissary of all evil. The polluted fruit of the man and of his teaching is sufficient evidence. As soon as the occasion offers I want to send this truth *home*.

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[1] Agitated and perplexed.
[2] Prophet.
[3] Other (or second) Comforter.

17. A Complete Rout

To-night we begin at exactly 6:30, our regular worship—going on into the Lord's supper; a solemn and complete service. Ida began to read a little before eight. About 8:15 the place was packed by a large crowd of Mohammedans who came in a body, headed by four *moulvies*.[1]

Ida had to stop reading until they could be packed into place—she was reading Isa. 35. Presently a pert looking chap walked up the aisle and stood immediately in front of her and spoke. Ida said, "Wait, please, until after I have finished"—and Gulzari hustled him into a seat like a bag of bajra! Then Mathi Izhaq and Gulzari walked the main aisle like policemen; it was well done.

Presently Shah and Gardiner came up into the pulpit and whispered to me that a disturbance was brewing as soon as Ida should finish reading. I told them not to be troubled, to sit perfectly quiet and believe God. When Ida had finished the reading I called on Bella John to pray. While she bowed inside the altar many Mohammedans stood and looked about, and then sat down again. The fellow who had interrupted Ida sat in the fifth or sixth seat laughing; I gazed at him steadily and transfixed him. I never saw a more complete case of funk!

Meanwhile, Bella John went on praying with increasing power, when, *suddenly,* as

[1] Mohammedan teachers.

though it were one man, fully 125 or 150 men sprang to their feet and made for the doors; they acted as though the evil spirits were after them! They could not get through the door-ways quickly enough and stuck in the aisles. Mrs. Bella finished and I started the Lord's prayer. We repeated it three times before the crowd could get through the doors. It was a complete rout!

As soon as they were all out of the church, we started a testimony meeting and the crowd began to drift back by twos and threes, as though they could not help it, and didn't know why they had left in the first place. We had victorious testimony for fifteen minutes and then quietly dismissed. The district people are beginning to get into the swing of it.

After the meeting Bal Kishen's brother came forward and talked with me. His brother-in-law is very angry, and it is evident that our people must have more *power* and a baptism of holy LOVE in order to draw him over the line! If he comes it means others are coming.

I was intending to go right to bed, but think I'll close this page and get to prayer. I feel stronger and we *must win!* It is now 11:45.

III

THE EIGHTH WEEK

As they went on the way, a certain man said unto him, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest. And Jesus said unto him, The foxes have holes, and the birds of the heaven have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.

And he said unto another, Follow me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. But he said unto him, Leave the dead to bury their own dead; but go thou and publish abroad the kingdom of God.

And another also said, I will follow thee, Lord; but first suffer me to bid farewell to them that are at my house. But Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.

—From the Gospel of Luke.

1. The Greatest Stretch!

Monday, May 10, 1909.

To-day we began the eighth week of the meetings. What shall we see? My throat was very sore this morning when we began service at 7:30. There was a good spirit but I *talked* too much!

Ida read the first chapter of Acts in preparation for *our* day of Pentecost. I followed and talked on "who" were at Jerusalem. Pointed it to each one—Peter, John, Zebedee, Martha, etc. Then all prayed. There seemed to be some straight praying. There was some blessing, also; perhaps more than I realize.

Bhopal was the first to speak and his face was shining. Then followed a large number—some, as I thought, because they feared it would reflect on their *izzat*[1] not to speak! God knows. I *must* believe that these dark minds and dark hearts are expanding. If *I* don't believe, how can I create faith in *them?* God help *me!*

Making our Christians truly Christian is the greatest stretch of my faith. Compared with this, the conversion of Hindus and Mohammedans is dead easy! I asked Childs to get after ——— ——— and ——— ——— and bring them together.

2. Love Will Win

—Evening: I was dead with sleep this

[1] Honor.

afternoon. My cold is in my eyes and throat. Slept till four o'clock; then had good pray until five. Miss Lawson and Miss Pool called before the evening service to talk on high school affairs. We were all late to church.

Christ was present among the people without any doubt. Ida read with freedom in Acts 2. The crowd was large but they came in by ones and twos. There was no concerted action as last night. And they remained to the end.

Gulzari called me out to talk with a young man from the Punjab who wanted to confess Christ, a high school graduate employed here in an office. He seems to have given his heart to Jesus. When I gave the call he not only lifted his hand but stood and faced the crowd saying he believed in Jesus Christ; then he came and bowed at the altar. Jai Ram started "Jai Prabhu Yisu"[1]—and called the workers forward. There was much faith.

Bal Kishen's young brother, also his friend, came forward and sat in the front seat; a young man who goes with them pressed up from the back and sat in the third seat.

After prayer the young man at the altar stood and I read the Baptismal vows to him. His answers were clear, accompanied by *"Beshakk."*[2] Then I cut his *chhutiya*[3] and baptized him—Takht Ram. He is a

[1] "Victory, Lord Jesus."
[2] Without Doubt.
[3] A wisp of hair that marks most Hindus.

Kathri. The people were very happy, and we closed with a glowing testimony meeting.

Just a few moments ago, while I was writing this, ——— knocked at the *daftar* and wanted to see "Mem Sahiba"; wanted to massage her—a sure sign that the spirit of love is at work. If ——— has been won, then surely ——— will come also. Love will win!

3. Scissors and Salvation

Tuesday, May 11th.

This morning Ida read Isaiah fifty-two, "Awake! Awake!" I think the Lord got to dealing with the souls of the preachers. ——— ——— went out with Childs and Misri Lal got ——— ——— down at the altar. I believe they will be brought together. There was a tremendous volume of prayer going on.

Gulzari called for scissors and cut the *chhutiya* from one of the pastor teachers who had not been well taught. I used the case to point an exhortation to the preachers-in-charge—that a Christian preacher's equipment must be Bible, hymnbook and scissors!

The young man whom I baptized last night was present this morning and down at the altar in prayer with the Christians. That's where the Lord will search him and bless him. It's the Fellowship. Chiranji Lal told me I should have cut the Kathri cord that he wore. I didn't know he wore one—my ignorance! Well, I'll question

him and let *him* cut it. I think he is unquestionably converted.

4. Praying In Circles

There was a real spirit of expectancy and prayer. The preachers demanded an afternoon prayer meeting and it was announced for three o'clock at Parade Church. Nevertheless, this evening's service was dead, or apparently so. I should have been present at the afternoon meeting to guide the village preachers. I fear they prayed in circles. To-night the people came in late, were sleepy, and the testimonies dragged. There was pandemonium in the street and the audience was constantly shifting. Gladwin Shah fell down the pulpit steps and all the babies yelled!

The Mussulmans in the roadway kept singing and talking. One of them came in and sat down near the back, a green festoon hanging from his right ear. As Ida closed the reading—she read the Cross—he arose and began wiping his eyes. I called Daisy Paul to pray and stood up and looked at him with all rebuking. He leered and looked and presently got up and walked out. Then I gave the invitation.

But there was no response. Our people seemed dead, so I dismissed the meeting. It was too bad, after the faith and expectancy of the morning. I cannot leave them to conduct their own prayer meetings until there is more spiritual understanding. God wants intelligent cooperation, not mooning. Our people must pray in straight

lines, not circles. Talking with God isn't like a prayer-mill. God is a Person.

Wrote to Bishop Warne about the high school, got my manager's report to the inspector, and saw Edmunds about the Fatehgarh Cemetery. "Things" keep crowding in and must be looked after, that's all! Well, if I have to "serve tables" and "give myself to prayer" also, then I'll have to be given double strength. That's all I can make out of it, for the revival *must go*. God is able for this also.

5. Twenty Thousand Rupees Troubles Bal Kishen

Wednesday, May 12th.

It has been a day of spiritual dealing with our district people. Last night Ida and I felt desperate and remained up for another hour of prayer. We had victory, too. The fact is, unless God's Spirit goes through our preachers we are not going to see what God wants us to see.

At this morning's meeting Ida read part of Ezekiel Nine. There was considerable prayer, but not much victory of faith. Bal Kishen's young brother is hedging. He was at the morning meeting. He has cut his *chhutiya,* and thrown away his Brahman's thread, but he sticks at baptism. From what Bal Kishen says, his brother's trouble is his own share of the paternal Rs. 20,000. Baptism will cut him off dead!

I don't blame the boy. It's a question of comparative values. We must have the kind of joyful salvation that will *fetch*

him, and this is where we lack. Our district people do not seem to have the Living Water—not yet.

6. A Clever Preacher

After the morning meeting I talked to ——— and his wife. Both wept, but no victory came. It is so difficult to deal with them, and yet I believe the *old* way of frankly expecting confession and forgiveness is the *only* way.

At twelve o'clock ——— ——— came to me in the *daftar*. He said he "had heard" that ——— ——— was to be appointed preacher-in-charge of ——— Circuit in place of him. I *thought* that, but spoke of it to no one. ——— ——— could not have "heard" it, he simply reasoned it out, showing how clever he really is.

I asked him if he was willing to give his position to ——— ———, and he answered flat, "No." I like him the better for saying it. Nevertheless, I'm letting him fight it out, for if he becomes God's man he must be *all there*. But I don't want any hypocrisy about it, no saying "Yes" then murmuring. Preachers of all sorts do too much of that!

7. Money! Money! Money!

Muassai Singh came to me with the *bania*[1] who said that ——— owed him twelve rupees, and he must have the money. Is it true? I gave ——— twelve rupees in March to square up his last debt. Did he

[1] Grain merchant.

use the money and *not* pay the debt? Did he keep back part of the price? Has he been a small Ananias? Dear Lord, I talk to *Thee.* My faith is whetted by every devil's device, and surely debt is the worst of them.

I am just watching for the right time to go into this whole question. It will be ticklish business, unless God prepares the way. To think that ——— has deceived me! There's no possible cure for this sort of thing unless our preachers recognize that money symbolizes the presence of God. It's like the sacrament! It's useless to talk about "honesty"—my preachers *are* honest! They simply don't understand about God's ownership. What makes the matter so desperate is that the Church (in England and America, I mean) has got things so messed up that a fellow seems to be announcing strange doctrine when he talks about the simplest foundations of property. Poor ———! He has done a sinful thing, but I feel more sorrowful than angry. I must go into this whole matter, that's sure! *Dekha jaega ki kya hoga.*[1]

8. Why We Lost Our Audience

At four o'clock we had a special meeting of workers in Parade Church. Ida read in Deuteronomy, the regulations about war —how the fearful ones and those not free to fight were to *go home.* I think the message carried.

[1] Literally: It shall be seen what shall be; or, "We'll see."

At the city meeting this evening our people were all there on time and a tremendous volume of prayer went up before seven o'clock. Half a dozen British soldiers were there; it is blessing them to come, for they know they are welcome. Miss Robertson was there also.

Ida read 1 John 2, also part of Revelation 18. She read with strength. Stones rattled on the roof frequently but no one paid any attention. At the altar service a number of us went down to the door to pray, and the crowd bolted. I think it was because the big door was closed and only the side doors left open. They may have thought we had surrounded them to pray something down upon them. Well, they were just right!

O, God, the simplicity and faith of these people! Can we not win them for Thee?

9. Who Are the "Reapers"?

Thursday, May 13th.

This morning's meeting was a searchlight. Ida read 1 John 1, "Walking in the Light." I talked on debt. But I touched it very gently. The light is not yet strong enough.

One thing I feel keenly: Our people did not call themselves into this revival, *we* called them. Now, if we haven't strength to pray them *through,* the humiliation and shame will be ours—and Christ's. Our people are what they are. It is for *us,* for Ida and me, to make good! I announced to-morrow as a day of fasting and prayer

and invited all, who desired, to fast with us; but not otherwise.

The meeting in the city this evening had something of victory in it. There was a real sense of God's Presence at the early prayer service. I listened to the prayers of some of the little ones. Mathri's boy was praying vociferously, "Lord, let thy power come down!" God must answer that call!

I have confidence in victory, nevertheless, Satan seems to be routing us in the case of some of those who have been in the meetings. They were under such intense conviction at first, and they didn't yield. Now, without yielding, they are being taken out of the meetings. They do not seem to want to go themselves, but they are taken out, by ones and twos. Apparently they fear to remain.

There is neither sense nor Scripture in the suggestion that we are to be the sowers and others will be the reapers. Sardar tried to comfort us with those words to-night after the meeting. But it's a false interpretation which more than half the time excuses spiritual indolence on the part of Christian preachers. Without the touch of man upon man there's no such thing as social evolution, either. "Say not ye, there are yet four months and then cometh harvest." *We* are the reapers, *Now!* But, O God, how to do it!

THURSDAY night, 13th; later.

IT is twelve o'clock. Have just had an

hour of walking before the Lord with prayer and praise. My faith is wonderfully quickened. God *is* working, He *will* work. He wants us to walk with Him and work with Him. *He is digging through some hard places,* and we are helping Him. I believe there is fear in the hearts of many, and hope too. Now, Lord, hold us steady and help us to move straight forward.

10. Debt, Money and New India

Friday, May 14th.

The morning meeting was a vigorous one, and fairly well drawn out! Began at 7 o'clock and continued until 1:30. I suppose a good many of the preachers are still at it. It was announced as a day of fasting and prayer—and it was! Ida started to read Ezekiel Nine again, but after a few verses the burden became too heavy. We all began to pray and the meeting went forward without finishing the Reading.

About ten o'clock I began again to talk on *debt* and the helplessness of our people under the burden of it. I was tender, and did not raise my voice; but I was solemn and very plain about it. I think the word went through.

I began by reminding them of what they all knew—that God was the Owner. I told them that paying a tithe was *not* to keep up the district Pastor Fund but was *to remind themselves* of God's ownership, and so of God Himself. That is all I said about

tithing, although I tried to make them understand that it was the center of the whole thing, because it kept them straight in their thinking and in their experience.

Then I told them the shame that comes upon Christians in India because they do not remember God's ownership. I spoke of the sin of keeping back the pay of servants and the shame of being in debt to shopkeepers and *banias*. I told them that Christians in India would have to build a new kind of society, different from that of Hindus and Mohammedans and Parsis, and that it must be founded upon righteousness, justice and brotherliness. I told them that a proper understanding of money, and all it stood for, was a part of the Christian *ta'lim*[1] and we must all try to understand it together.

While I was talking ——— ——— had nothing but darkness in his face. So far as I could see, he was the only one who was utterly unhappy, and he was *killed*. But there's no use! This is his only hope as a preacher, and he must face the facts. His work is dead in his hands, he himself is heavy and dull, he simply groans under his debts and goes on piling them up. It has got to stop! I made an altar call and quite a number responded. It was on the proposition *to get out of debt at once and stay out*. I said it was no shame to go without shoes, and to wear *dothi kurta*,[2] but it *was* a shame to continue in debt. ———

[1] Teaching.
[2] Loin cloth and jacket.

——— did not respond to the altar call, and after a while he left the church.

11. Freedom and Power

We had a blessed time of victory after twelve o'clock, and a consciousness of freedom and power began to come to many. We marched round the church singing *"Age Chal! Age Chal!"*[1] Then we shouted "Jai!"[2] and sang "Ham honge fathmand."[3] At the end we gathered in a circle extending clear round the church, taking hold of hands in a covenant of prayer. I am confident blessing, courage and resolution will come.

During my talk, ———, who had come down from Lucknow, entered the church and after the altar service stood up and spoke. He had some rupees with him with which to begin the repayment of his Cawnpore debts. He handed the money to ——— ——— and confessed his sin against the Church. Many still love him, but his is a broken life. Perhaps it may yet be mended and made into a worthy one. That is what the Lord *wants* to do and *can* do.

Thakur Ram was present. He had written to his brother of his conversion and his brother has come on to revile him. He has been cast out of the family. God help him now!

I feel much encouraged from this morning's meeting.

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[1] "Forward, forward March."
[2] "Victory."
[3] "We shall be triumphant."

12. "Yes: In Your Opinion"

At 5:30 went over to the "Girls' Closing." A most excellent program, for Miss Greene has done hard work. I felt oppressed when I saw our village children shrink away from the well dressed school girls. They looked so poor and pitiful and I knew how their hearts were full of envy. Is there *any* progress possible without heart-ache in those who are left behind?

Hurried down to the church where an "open air" was already in full swing, led by Tom and Misri. Bless them! We had a wide awake meeting, full of faith. Ida read Romans five. Some soldier boys sang the "Glory Song" in English.

After the reading I exhorted and gave the Mohammedans something to think about. The third master shot up and said "It isn't so"! when I affirmed that high minded Mohammedans were compelled to apologize for many of the acts of Mohammed, while Jesus Christ remains the one stainless life in history. I admired the boy's spirit and told him so, but I set him down, first, with a thundering "It *is* so"! Afterwards I talked quietly with him and his friend, a young Mohammedan who has just passed his entrance exam at Allahabad University. "Yes, it is so in your opinion"! was the way they let themselves out. But I didn't want to argue with the boys, I only wanted to make them think. They're thinking!

13. Inayat Masih Talks

My conversation with the second young Mohammedan brought out the fact that he had talked to Inayat Masih in the road, and afterwards Inayat went to his room at 11 o'clock at night and remained talking to him until three in the morning. Inayat Masih said (and the remarkable thing is the young fellow told me the whole story) that he could not resist the drawing of the meetings at Central Church; when the Christians testified and prayed all his strength left him, and he *had* to come to Christ. But, he continued, the strange power remained with him only three days, and then left him.

This testimony is to me a blessed confirmation of the work of the Holy Spirit. It is specially significant as coming from a Mohammedan, and is spiritually like the experience of Ilahi Baksh in Bombay. Inayat *was* converted. His heart *was* melted. Then the light came; he must work and could not be supported gratis. He had no purpose nor habit of work, and he could not pay the price. The sharks found him and of course denial followed. But Inayat's unwilling testimony shows that we have struck a rich lead. We are on the right line.

I believe Inayat Masih's testimony has convicted the young man himself; apparently he is seeking light. He promised to "meet me" between eleven and twelve tonight, in prayer. I'll be there!

14. A Challenge To Children

As I was leaving the church a great crowd of Mohammedans came in. They were very quiet. The crowd stood solemn and still near the door while I talked to them. There were about fifty. I laughingly said to them, after a few friendly words, "Now you must pray *hard,* and if your prayer is stronger than ours you will make us Mohammedans; we also will pray, and if *our* prayer is stronger *you* will become Christians." They seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing, though one or two appeared frightened. They are just like children. Will God have a better opportunity to save them than just now, and just here?

15. A Heavy Day and A Light Mohammedan

Saturday, May 15th.

A heavy day: Fatehgarh Cemetery arrangement completed with Edmunds of S. P. G.[1] Long letter to the inspector. *Sakht*[2] letter to ———. A second letter to Bishop Warne regarding the high school, also the Revival.

At 5:30 went to the "Boys' Closing" in the City Church. Place was packed out. Ida presided by special request of the boys and staff; they all love her. The recitations and songs were a capital success. Then the school was dismissed and we began the

[1] Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.
[2] Stiff.

ruhani julsa.[1] The church filled up again almost immediately.

Ida read Mattthew 16. 13 sqq.—Peter's Confession. There was the closest attention. The young Mohammedan who seemed so full of interest last night deliberately rose up and walked out. I got to wondering about him, and worrying a little—whether he had overheard my words to Ida to bring out the meaning of "one of the prophets," or if he had prayed according to promise and was fighting conviction, or if he was utterly light. I'm awfully afraid it's just that! But it bothers me.

Late in the meeting a whole seat full of Aryas came in, headed by the same Arya from Bithoor whom we silenced by united prayer last fall. They listened but made no disturbance.

16. Bal Kishen's Story

After the meeting Bal Kishen told me a curious story. He said his "brother" (meaning his uncle's son) committed fraud by selling "stuffed" jewelry to the extent of Rs. 4,500; that it was a clear case and the police put him under arrest; that he (Bal Kishen) prayed earnestly and his "brother" had been discharged and would not be prosecuted. It happened to-day, that is, the discharge. I confess it sounds a little "far."

Bal Kishen was the first to testify and seemed full of faith, whereas, for two or

[1] Spiritual meeting.

three days, I have scarce seen him at a service. I must commit the man to God, for He only can straighten out his ethical kinks. The man unquestionably is in earnest, yet all his ideas of morality are vague and shadowy. He was rejoicing over the victory of Christian faith (that's what he called it!) and praising God. The police also attribute the criminal's release to Bal Kishen's faith in God.

Since coming home I've been thinking about it. Who shall stand up and say Bal Kishen's faith is not justified? There is a little and conventional morality that will say Impossible, God could not do it! But according to the history of Israel that is the very thing that Jehovah sometimes did. There is a larger morality that sees the whole trend of a man's or a nation's life. What a marvel of spiritual ethics that God can wink!

To-night ——— ——— asked me about the possibility of going to Bareilly to study for the ministry. There *are* possibilities, but there are dangers also. It may mean a desire for "easy street," or it may mean an honest desire for Christ's Kingdom. I can only try the man until the Spirit leads aright.

17. A Day of Rest

Sunday, May 16th.

A good attendance at Sunday school and a beautiful spirit. At four o'clock I talked with the mothers and fathers of our village girls and they all agreed to my sug-

gestion that the families having girls over nine years old should live inside the Boarding School Compound. I think there will be no danger now. Our village girls must be protected.

Mohan Lal preached to "little folks" at five. Miss Green and her girls were there, and all our little boys. A large audience in the City Church with a great crowd of Christian women and "occasional attendants" from other missions. Ida read "Not a hoof shall be left behind." Earnest attention but no seekers.

Bal Kishen again told me the story of his brother's fraud and is absolutely convinced that God heard his prayer. He solemnly affirmed, concerning the police—that they are constant and immoderate bribe-takers, and, as a result of this *beimani*,[1] that they are childless and many become lepers. Bal Kishen says that bribe-taking, childlessness, and leprosy always go together—at least among the Cawnpore police!

[1] Faithlessness.

IV

THE NINTH WEEK

If I, by the Spirit of God, cast out demons, then is the Kingdom of God come upon you. Or how can one enter into the house of the strong man, and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong man? and then he will spoil his house. He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth.

Therefore, I say unto you, Every sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Spirit shall not be forgiven. And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever shall speak against the Holy Spirit, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this age, nor in that which is to come. Either make the tree good, and its fruit good; or make the tree corrupt, and its fruit corrupt; for the tree is known by its fruit.

Jesus, in the Gospel of Matthew.

1. A Return Center Blow

Monday, May 17th.

To-day we began the ninth week and made a good day's progress. The morning meeting was one of more or less sparring. I called the roll—it took me half an hour or more—for I had to say some necessary things and roll call gave the opportunity. No one in particular was singled out. I haven't got all my preachers yet, but I'm getting them—I'm sure of that.

Ida read John 15—Fruit that Remains. Eva Izhaq came to see her this afternoon and got a little light, I think. I worked on a hymn-sheet of Cawnpore songs.

This evening in the city we had gripping testimonies. Ida read of the *Dusra Madadgar*[1] and spoke briefly. Then I followed with the center blow of Mohammed's blasphemy in claiming to be the Other Comforter himself, and drove into them tremendously for a few minutes. It struck like an electric bolt. The congregation had about gone but men came hurrying back into the church. I am sure it is the word that will go through them, for it gives them some recognition of spiritual things. Now that the word has been spoken it can be said again and again, and shall be. Perhaps God will use it to open up the truth, for

[1] Other (or second) Comforter (or Helper).

a Mohammedan's carnal conception of the Holy Spirit is something appalling! One of them was ridiculing the idea of the Spirit of God *entering a man's chest*—which was the nearest he could get to the indwelling of the Spirit in a Christian's heart. That meeting surely did become electric!

After the city service we came to Parade Church and continued in prayer from 10 until 12:30. Fifty or sixty were present, some from every circuit. There was faith and power, specially among our Cawnpore people. They really *lifted.* Some of the district preachers are *hairan*[1] because I said that deliberate going into debt was almost like *chori.*[2] Perhaps *chori* was a little stiff, but the preachers must be jarred out of this folly and sin of debt, debt, debt!

2. Shall I Go To Bed?

Tuesday, May 18th.

This morning Ida read Isaiah 40; read with great tenderness and God followed the reading with special blessing. ——— ——— seemed to get victory. If he can get clear through on the money question I believe he will become a great preacher. The fruit of last night's praying was evident in many. Ed and his wife were present. Slept this afternoon longer than usual; was all in!

To-night Ida read part of John fifth—

[1] Perplexed.
[2] Theft.

the Resurrection. I closed and sent the message home. The Mohammedans are evidently lying in wait for me, for the place fills up the moment I begin to speak. Last night's hammer struck a living nail. Can the Lord force it home? Am going to bed to-night—at least I *think* so! Perhaps I'll have to pray, though, for things are fast heading up.

3. Not One of Nana's Butchers!

Wednesday, May 19th.

This has been a rich day. Ida read this morning—The Whole Armor, Ephesians 6. 10 sqq. The people prayed with gladness, then sang like angels for an hour.

Two nights ago, when I gave that talk about Mohammed and the *Dusra Madadgar,* a young fellow lunged at me as we were getting into the trap. He seemed greatly excited and Ida was alarmed. In fact, I felt my own nerves quiver a little. I sometimes find myself remembering (like a knife in my back!) that Nana Sahib's mutton butchers still have their stalls near Central Church—that is, the sons and grandsons of those gentlemen who helped fill the Memorial Well. I've thought of it frequently of late: showing that I've got to get a fresh grip on myself! Well, this morning, this same Mohammedan was at the meeting, sitting back with a young Bengali. At the close he said he wanted to talk to me and then confessed that for six days he has been sick with conviction. He prayed in the name of Jesus and God

seemed to bring blessing. He said he was sure he would have to become a Christian, and said he would remain true even if he were shot for it! He appeared frightened. After I had talked with him a little while he said that he was ready for baptism, but wanted to go to his house to bring away his clothes, money, etc.; that he would come to Parade Church at four o'clock to receive baptism and then would leave Cawnpore until his people quieted down. But he didn't come! Ida awoke at three and was quite distressed about him; feared he had simply tried to deceive me. But I think he's honest and we'll see him again.

An Arya was converted this morning; at least that was his testimony, though I didn't find myself responding to his words. Not much ring to them! This evening our preachers went into the *mohallas*[1] to hold meetings and didn't get to Central Church until 7:30. Very large congregation. Had nothing but testimony, song, and prayer. Then I had Shah give the altar call. Perhaps Ida should have given a reading, for it was a great opportunity. But we're not finished yet!

Have prepared to talk *tithing* to-morrow morning; God honor the word! It is late and I must get to prayer.

4. Tithing

Thursday, May 20th.

Undoubted progress to-day. Talked on

[1] City ward or division.

tithing this morning. At first it was hard work and the preachers were restless. But as I got farther along, the thing began to enlarge, and soon I knew I was getting hold of the best preachers and women in the district. When I had finished, and read my Tithers' Covenant, I turned to paste it into the frame that Misri Lal had brought from the *kharkhana*.[1] But before I could do so Benjamin Gardiner sprang to his feet and took the paper from me. His name is *first*. I was surprised and grateful. Every preacher-in-charge signed the Covenant. I believe the truth has struck in! In all there were thirty-nine names, *mardana zenana*[2]—a good start.

In my talk I did not mention Self Support nor Pastor Fund but made them see (I'm sure most of them saw it) that tithing is a simple and natural way of worshiping God and was practised from the beginning. The tithe makes us remember, first, God's personality (that was hard but I made it as simple as possible), second, his sovereignty, and third, his loving kindness. I explained that because money is in our hand *every day* it becomes easy for us to worship God *every day*. I was going to show how God was worshiped in the beginning by the sacrifice of sheep and lambs and other valuable things, but I saw they had all they could hold! I'll save that for another time.

I'm all excited about it! I feel that

[1] Workshops.
[2] Men and Women.

Stewardship is going to be established in the district so that the preachers will really understand what it means. I want to get together all "the objections"—the more the better!—so that I can know just what the people are saying. Then I intend to write "The Victory of Mangal Singh" which will knock "Mary Christopher" off the boards. Some job, at that! I got a plan of the whole thing while the preachers turned loose and talked tithing for an hour. Gardiner got me to shouting when he said that tithing would help our people to recognize God *ek dam*[1]. He's got it! Next talk I'll take up Self Support. If it goes (and I believe it will) it will go tremendously.

5. "I Am A Prophet To-night"

To-night Ida read Revelation five, and talked about the Redeemed in Heaven. She spoke of our little ones who always are in the presence of God. Then she referred to the fearful death rate of children in India, that it is a menace to the growth of the Church. She urged the preachers to teach the people simple lessons in hygiene, and told the Mohammedans that if they wanted to see their children who had died, they must come to Christ; for *all* the little children are with Him. It was Christian family night.

In the midst of the testimonies, at the close of the reading, I drew a "picture" to

[1] One breath—an idiom signifying In a moment, At once.

show the difference between a Christian and a Mohammedan home, though I made no reference to Mohammedanism as such. I called A. M. Shah and Agnes, Ram Lal and Ruth, and Jai Ram and Bertha, and asked them to stand inside the altar facing the audience. They came quite obediently and stood while all the people looked at them. Agnes appeared particularly beautiful as she stood there beside her husband. Then I said in a quiet voice, "Brother Shah, I am a prophet to-night and I now give you authority to take a second wife, and then a third, if you so desire." Poor Agnes nearly sank into the ground, but Shah was quick to see what I was driving at and held her closely by the arm. Then I repeated the same words to Ram Lal and Jai Ram, and told them to take their seats again. The whole congregation seemed to be shocked; indeed I felt shocked myself, and regretted that I had played so bold a stroke. Many Mohammedans were present; they appeared stunned and stung.

No souls to-night. Am afraid my "picture" was too much for them. Committee met this afternoon to investigate the charges against ——— ———. Not a happy business. The case was put before them and they will decide later.

6. Tithing Again

Friday, May 21st.

The morning meeting broke loose. It was general fast day and the people, es-

pecially the preachers, seemed to realize the joy of it. Mohan Lal got to exhorting about debt and tithing, and he was followed by Jai Ram. I never touched the meeting until the preachers were talked out. Names are multiplying on the Tithe Covenant without another word from me. There were more than a hundred names at the close of the morning service. Shah's name goes into the special list for Cawnpore Church. What a beginning of things if Gulzari Lal will hold them steady—and I believe he will.

After "tithing" had gone for about an hour Ida read Daniel nine, and God surely helped her. Then we prayed—one by one, then in chunks, then *en masse*. The whole congregation was praying and no one seemed to hear what anybody else said. Karuna Dhar got tremendously in earnest and her voice rang out like a trombone. Then I divided them into circuits and placed them in companies all round the church, telling them to pray for their community needs. Cawnpore didn't finish till long after the others; Gulzari said they had twice as much to pray for as the rest! Then such singing and shouting! Dear old Brij Lal got to dancing and swung round the church like a blessed buffalo! Then every one sat in quietness and I spoke a few closing words. Ida and I left them at 12:30 and came to the bungalow. We heard them singing for an hour afterward. O, thank God! The preachers are learning the joy of fasting, and will know its power.

7. What Will You Do With Sin?

This evening in the city the meeting was full of Jesus; His power, but mostly His love. Ida read Romans seven. Sin: What will you do with Sin? Teaching or no teaching, Bible or Koran, religion or no religion—what will you do with Sin? It has been with you all your life, it has been with you all day, it is with you *now*. You will sleep with Sin when you close your eyes to-night, you will rise with it to-morrow morning, you will live with it, die with it. Unless you are freed from it, Sin will stay with you forever. It eats like leprosy, and you cannot escape the blight of it, here or hereafter. Jesus can heal you. He knows all about Sin, for that is His business—to Save sinners. He can heal you now, to-night. Will you let Him do it? I have seldom heard Ida read with greater freedom and effect. The after meeting was very tender. When I told the people, especially the Mohammedans, how we loved them, it seemed to *kill* them. Yet there was no move that we could see.

8. Explain the Trinity

After the meeting the Bilhaur *moulvi* came up to me. He has written twice since I talked with him in January. He said he just wanted to see me again. After a minute or two he put the same question that he did at Bilhaur—"Explain the Trinity and I'll become a Christian." He looked so pathetically at me that I felt

utterly helpless. I just told him that I *knew* God in three Persons even though I couldn't explain the mystery of it. Then we sat down and I got him to thinking how water is still water whether it is flowing in the wide and deep Ganges, or becoming moisture inside an orange, or standing straight up as a piece of ice. Of course, it didn't *explain* anything, but it helped him to see that he could *think* of God in three different ways without becoming an idolater. My words actually seemed to help him.

9. A Visit From A Lawyer

Saturday, May 22nd.

This morning I finished editing *"Khair Khwah"* for June 6th and 13th. Ed called, much blessed. Tried to rest.

At 4:30 a Mohammedan gentleman called at the *daftar* and Debi brought me his card—Mr. Abdul Gaffar, Thatrai Bazar, Chowk. He seemed to be an educated man; said he had studied law in London. His English showed it. He said he wanted to talk with me about what he called my "hit," last Thursday night at the City Church. My telling Shah he could take two or three more wives has gone through the City like a sword! Mr. Gaffar freely admitted my accusation—for he called it that—against Mohammedans as a class, but wanted me to know that educated Mohammedans repudiated polygamy altogether. I did not contradict him, although he must

be acquainted with Cawnpore Mohammedans who *say* they are educated. We had a heart to heart talk about Jesus Christ. What amazed me was his insistence that Mohammed was in very truth the Other Comforter whom Jesus promised! O, Holy Spirit, how long shall this blasphemy continue!

To-night's meeting was a strange one. When Ida began to speak of Christ's Second Coming a great crowd of Mohammedans went out together. They stood in the road, right in front of the church, talking and discussing most excitedly. Ida then turned and read the Comforter. He *is* come! Conviction surely is upon the people.

10. The Sabbath of Rest

Sunday, May 23rd.

Last night, about eleven, I started to bed, having tried my very best to pray. But nothing came; there was no lift. Ida had gone to bed early and was sound asleep, for which I was grateful. When I got to the roof I heard Jai Ram's voice and saw lights in the upper windows of the church. I knew they were at prayer and went down to dress and join them. Just as I was ready Sammy John knocked at the door. The dear people were waiting for me. I went over to the church with Sammy and for nearly two hours we had victorious prayer. I went to bed at 1:15 wonderfully refreshed and slept soundly.

It has been a good day, full of rest and

quietness. I wrote "Quwwat Nazil Kar" this afternoon and think it will go!

To-night there was another large congregation in the city and Ida read Revelation 22. She had a hard time, as it was a crowd of Christians from missions somewhat indifferent to the revival. Ida had to press home some very straight questions. Some of the eleventh hour comers may be blessed, even yet. However, there was no movement. It was another shifting congregation, that so tires Ida. We had a good testimony service at the close, which awakened considerable interest.

At eleven o'clock another victorious prayer service at Parade Church. About fifty present. Ida is better and I am feeling glorious. Now for a sprint!

V

THE TENTH WEEK

And they asked him, saying, Teacher, we know that thou sayest and teachest rightly, and acceptest not the person of any, but of a truth teachest the way of God: Is it lawful for us to give tribute unto Cæsar, or not?

But he perceived their craftiness, and said unto them, Show me a denarius. Whose image and superscription hath it? And they said, Cæsar's. And he said unto them, Then render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.

And they were not able to take hold of the saying before the people: and they marvelled at his answer, and held their peace.

—An Incident in the Gospel of Luke.

1. The Last Week Opens

Monday, May 24th.

To-day began the tenth week, and, I suppose, the last week of the meetings. That will carry us to May 30th. On the 31st the preachers and their families will start for the district. That is the announced plan. God guide us during these closing days!

This morning's meeting was a heart-searcher. Ida read "Sennacharib" and she certainly made things interesting, especially when she spoke of "carrying water to the enemy." It was close work but it had to be done. After the reading several pastor teachers seemed to come into the light of forgiveness. More names were added to the list of tithers; that Covenant hanging on the wall is a constant sermon.

Tried out *"Quwwat Nazil Kar."*[1] The people took to it like fish to water. It will be a strong help to faith. I must cultivate the ability to write *bhajans.*[2]

The meeting in the city was strong, though some of our people were stupid. I suppose they're really tired. Ida read Romans eight, and spoke on sin and "the reprobate mind." Great crowd of Hindus and Mohammedans, but the sense of conviction seems less. I exhorted and spoke of their hopelessness without Christ—that the

[1] "Let the Power Come Down."
[2] Hindustani folk-songs.

physical life in their bodies was the thin wall that separated them from a hopeless eternity. It makes me tremble to say it, yet what else can one say without becoming maudlin about some far off "larger hope"? I cannot forget the stern solemnity of Jesus when He warned men of spiritual sclerosis. *Only,* men must have a chance!

Their utter lack of knowledge of sin, the specious folly and unmorality of all their thinking is sickening! Hell already is with them and in them; what's the use of talking of hell hereafter? They've got it now—*inability to see God.* Higgins of the English Church says they're hopeless, that "their number is 666" and they're doomed! Well, he's wrong. Prayed from eleven until twelve. A light, and faith!

2. A Tithing Question Box

Tuesday, May 25th.

At the morning service I called for a tithing question box. The preachers responded and it continued for an hour or more. The revelation of God is surely coming to our people. Some are being tempted, and it did them good to talk it out. Many are thinking strong, earnest thoughts.

I spent some time on practical questions of "How?" It helped them amazingly to see that they could really do it. Then I took up Self Support and showed how God Himself had planned for it *greatly,* and

not as an "extra" for the Finance Committee or the Conference to work out.

Gulzari Lal became enthusiastic as he talked of the wonderful things Cawnpore Church could do without ever asking or expecting the Mission to give them a rupee. His head went up in real pride because India was going to stand up and be counted! Gardiner and Mohan Lal made strong speeches. Mohan Lal astonished me; this is going to make a new man of him.

Ida followed with the tenth of Hebrews. The result was definite altar work with a few seeking Holiness. The tithe is a strong test, a definite line to work to.

3. This Is That

At 5:30 there was a nasty hot *andhi;*[2] it was like a furnace. The preachers and boys distributed five thousand *"Yih Wuh Hai."*[3] Not a large congregation to-night. The storm prostrated many. The young man was back who came during the first two weeks and then left—the young fellow from Christ College. A *moulvi* is holding forth tremendously, just across the road from the church; has built a booth and begins talking as the people are coming from the service. Childs told me that four new

[2] A wind storm.

[3] The reference here is to 5,000 green handbills containing in heavy Arabic script the three words "This is That." The following day 5,000 more bills were distributed in the city, containing the full scripture, Acts 2. 16—"This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel," etc.

moulvies have been sent for from Aligarh. Good!

4. Faith and Folly

This afternoon, when I saw Mrs. Bella John, she was shaking with a chill. Little Gladwin prayed that she might get better "so as to go to Church to-night." She was there! As I think about it, I never have known such praying as we have had these last few days. The preachers are at it constantly. God must answer, *is* answering! Make me intelligent, O God, that I may be a wise leader for this obedient and willing people!

Abdul Gaffar, the lawyer, was at the morning service, but I'm almost sorry he came. ——— ——— and he had a "discussion" which was worse than folly. Question: "How can the blood of Jesus wash away sin?" The lawyer argued—Blood is *red,* how therefore can blood make *clean?* Fleshly, animal thoughts—and he studied in London. A true Mohammedan!

Hymn sheets are in proof—thirty new songs.

—I was just starting to bed but heard them praying in the church and went over. God was there. Two Mohammedans knelt with us and tried to pray. Feel refreshed and equal to another hour.

5. Tithing A Condition of Baptism

Wednesday, May 26th.

This morning's meeting marked progress. I broached the question: "Ought tithing

to be required as a condition of baptism?" The separated portion is to acknowledge *God himself*. Therefore it ought to be part of our village *ta'lim*.[1] Separating the tithe must not rest on the willingness of church members "to pay." That whole conception is arbitrary and artificial and will not stand a day after the missionaries stop bolstering it! It must rest on the acknowledgment of God Himself, *not in word but in act*. The Mission has the same authority to require tithing as a condition of baptism that it has to require *mutalashis*[2] to give up eating carrion and holding feasts for the dead. It's all a matter of the use of good judgment in helping the people to cut loose from heathenism and understand real Christianity.

The mischief of it is I've got to help the preachers unlearn some established theories of "gradual self-support" which never did succeed and never can. Take it throughout the Mission, self-support is not appreciably greater than it was years ago; at least in the villages. The fact is, self-support must be a creation rather than a development; it is not so much a matter of growth as of attitude. A Christian idea of life, money and society is fundamental to the establishment of a Christian community in India, if ever Christianity expects to reach commanding influence—and the one place to teach fundamental things is at the bottom! If self-support is

[1] Teaching.
[2] Inquirers.

not born with the birth of the church itself, whether in the villages or the city, it is because the church is not well born.

It was ticklish business to say all this, or any part of it, for it is evident that the policy heretofore has been to "work up" to self-support by gradual development; apparently no one has *expected* it to begin at once.

After my talk the preachers discussed it for nearly an hour, with varying opinions. Gardiner feared it would cut down the number of baptisms (*at first* undoubtedly correct), and then immediately added "It would make our Christians *pakka.*"[1] I said nothing further but let the preachers talk it through—nothing must be done suddenly. The fact that they are able to discuss it as a matter of mission policy is momentous. They are beginning to talk from the *inside.* That means new ideals. ——— ——— constitutionally is agin' the gov'ment, and is often weak in his positions; but he is true.

6. "This Is That" Does the Business!

Ida read "Gideon" and the Lord wonderfully blessed the story of the three hundred tried men. When she spoke of the broken vessels, she broke the hearts of preachers. Takht Ram and Bal Kishen had a quarrel after the service. I believe they are both converted, but they need a lot, a lot! After

[1] Thorough, well established.

dismissal I called a few of the preachers to talk of ——— ———'s case; he demands formal investigation. It will be held on Saturday. Put the case in charge of Mohan Lal.

This evening was great! *"Yih Wuh Hai"*[1] did the business! The church was packed and the spirit of testimony fell upon our people. They talked and sang and quoted poetry, original and otherwise. Jai Ram sang *"Jamna Sukh Gaya"*[2] with tremendous effect; it has a real grip to it. It was band wagon night and everybody wanted to get in! Well, I'm glad. *Everybody* enjoys a victory but *somebody* has to do the digging. It's back-breaking business, but it does the job!

7. Takht Ram Is Tempted and Shah Is Sick

Takht Ram sat clear back and did not speak in the testimony meeting. This morning's quarrel! I heard to-night that the Mohammedans have bought up the Thakur whom I baptized several weeks ago. I hardly credit it, yet it is perfectly credible. They are on the defensive and ready to buy up anyone who is for sale. But God is with us!

Shah has been in fever for several days and was desperately ill to-day. Agnes sent for me on the run. When I entered the house he was lying across the bed and for a moment I was startled at what seemed

[1] "This Is That"—See footnote on page 89.
[2] "The Jamna Has Gone Dry."

the death pallor on his face. Mrs. Bella was weeping and Agnes threw herself on the ground and began to scream. I quieted her and then got hold of God. As I held Shah's wrist and prayed I felt his pulse grow stronger. I do not think he will die. Raise him, O, God, and save him for thy work! He is becoming very prosperous and needs strong and faithful guidance. He was better when I left him.

8. A New Social Order

Thursday, May 27th.

The morning meeting gripped things again. The preachers continued the discussion of tithing as a condition of baptism. They are actually getting it—the tithe as the acknowledgment of God. It really *finds* them. Chayan and some of the other pastor teachers got hold without difficulty. If they can understand that money is a holy thing it will cure debt!

But it will do much more than that, it will help preachers like ——— ——— and ——— ——— to come down out of the clouds and make Christian doctrine and Christian experience a living reality. God will become a Person instead of an Idea. How Hinduism still saturates ——— whenever he *thinks,* and if my preachers don't *think* what's the use! They *must* think, and they must learn to think as Christians.

When I talked about the new kind of society that God wanted the Christians to build in India—no caste, no injustice, good

wages, good houses, good education and plenty to eat—the dear preachers just sat there and cried! And then I said that *tithing* would help to bring it about, for the good things of this world depend on *money* and tithing makes us remember that the silver and the gold belong to *God*.

How can we leave these people! Ida and I have talked seriously of giving up our furlough and staying on. After nine years in India we seem just ready to begin. But there's Helen! Anyhow, we'll be back soon. A few months to see mother and get turned around—then back again! . . . Bills and office work after breakfast. Tired!

9. The Word Has Gone Forth

To-night's meeting was wonderful. Ida read Acts second. I exhorted and the Lord came on me when I spoke of *Yih Wuh Hai*. I told them of Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost and said the same Holy Spirit is with us to-day. I was impelled to move down into the audience and gripped several Mohammedans by the shoulder as I told them solemnly that God's Spirit was gripping them in their souls. Many of them bowed their heads. Some wept. The Word has gone forth. Follow it, Lord.

Only a few at the midnight meeting. They are tired. Dear people, let them sleep to-night. I prayed with them and sent them home.

It is just one o'clock. Ida has come down. She can't sleep for the burden that

is on her. We must get hold of things to-night. Nothing must be left to chance. God has done something in Cawnpore, more, I think, than we shall ever know. But the loose ends must be gathered up.

10. The Last Sabbath Day

Sunday, May 30th.

Well, it's over!—that is, it's just begun! The preachers and their families start back to-morrow. It will be one grand day of auditing bills and counting out rupees. All right!

Service not held to-night. I think we really finished in the city on Thursday night. But the five o'clock praise service at Parade Church was divine! The singing was something wonderful, especially the boys' voices. Testimony filled every minute.

Shah sent his *gawahi*[1] in writing and I read it. He asked for *"Kamil Aram,"*[2] one verse, but we sang the entire hymn. Such joyful, glorious singing I never heard! The pastor-teachers drank it in like water.

It's over. God keep this loving people. Gulzari has made marvelous strides and will become a strong leader for India. He tried to make me promise another revival for next year. Next year? . . .

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[1] Testimony.
[2] A metrical translation of the hymn, "Peace, Perfect Peace."

"Meri Gawahi"

Masih Ka beshqimat lahu mujh Ko taqat deta hai Ki main apni Ruhani Zindagi men qayam reh sakun. Garchi jism Kamzor lekin ruh pahlwan se ziyada taqatwar hai.

A.M.S.

(See next page)

A Closing Word

New York City,
July 29, 1920.

I have found among my Cawnpore notes Mr. A. M. Shah's "Gawahi," sent from his sick bed to our closing praise service, eleven years ago last May. My Hindustani is limping badly, but I think I can translate it. It holds the complete story of the Cawnpore revival, and, as I dare still believe, the hope of India and the world. The translation follows:

H. R. C.

"'My Testimony'

"The precious Blood of Jesus is giving "strength to me, so that in my spiritual "life I am able to abide. Though my body "is weak, yet my spirit is stronger than "a wrestler!

"A. M. S."

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